

The Sirolin Sentinel

Fighting The Great White Plague

BARRE, TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1911.

Home-Treatment for Lung and Throat Ailments

No Specialists' Fees—No Sanitarium Charges—No Traveling Expenses.

The coming of Sirolin to America has made it possible for every sufferer from lung and throat troubles to take at trifling expense, and in the comfort of home, the treatment prescribed by Europe's leading specialists.

Sirolin taken at the first sign of Coughs, Colds, La Grippe and other throat and lung affections invariably cuts short the attack—it is invaluable as a preventive remedy. In deep seated, chronic diseases of the air passages Sirolin has remarkable virtue in causing unfavorable symptoms to rapidly disappear and in restoring the sufferer to normal health.

In incipient Consumption, the taking of Sirolin combined with fresh air treatment and plenty of nutritious food is followed by results little short of miraculous—coughing rapidly decreases, weakening night sweats disappear, the appetite improves, the chest and limbs fill out, the bodily weight increases, the quality of the blood is improved, the nervous system becomes normal and the increase of tubercle bacilli is checked and the germs often entirely eliminated. Because of the absolute harmlessness of Sirolin—the entire absence of any injurious drug, the manufacturers have consented to have Sirolin sold by high-class druggists direct to all who suffer from trifling or serious ailments of the throat and lungs. The coming of Sirolin to America is an event.

If not readily procurable write to the sole agents for the United States
THE SIROLIN COMPANY
365-367 Canal Street, New York

SIROLIN

(Pronounced Seer-o-lin)

The Celebrated Swiss Remedy for Throat and Lungs



DEFEND EDDY BEQUESTS

Argue That Legacy to Religious Society IS NOT LIMITED BY LAW

Hold the Sons Estopped—Contend That All Claims Against the Estate Were Waived for Money Paid.

Concord, N. H., April 18.—At the office of the clerk of the United States circuit court here yesterday, counsel for defendants filed a demurrer in the case of Ebbenezer J. Foster Baker Eddy, executor of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy.

The demurrer denies that the bill states a case entitling the plaintiff to any relief against the defendants; relates that the plaintiff accepted \$45,000 from Mary Baker Glover Eddy in full settlement of any rights or interests in her estate, and is therefore estopped from any direct or collateral attack on the probate of her will.

As to the theory that the bequests to the Christian Science church are illegal and void because in excess of amounts limited by the Massachusetts and New Hampshire statutes, the demurrer states that the bill cannot be maintained upon this theory because the application of the New Hampshire statute concerns the state of New Hampshire only and the application of the Massachusetts statute concerns the commonwealth of Massachusetts only.

The New Hampshire statute has no application to the bequests, the demurrer says, because that statute is applicable only to domestic religious societies, and "it appears on the face of the bill that the First Church of Christ, Scientist, is an unincorporated Massachusetts religious society located within the state and the Christian Science board of directors is a corporation existing under the laws of Massachusetts."

HELD UP FOR \$18,000 IN BRIDGE CROWDS

Man Battles With Footpad While Scores Look On—Crook Arrested.

New York, April 18.—Graham Murtha, dealer in building material, collected \$18,000 in cash Saturday, and, as the banks were closed, he took it to his home in Williamsburg. While waiting for a Williamsburg bridge car, yesterday, to bring the money to Manhattan, Murtha was held up by a man whom he saw following him Saturday, and who demanded his money.

While scores of persons on the bridge plaza looked on, Murtha fought with the highwayman until a policeman overcame the footpad with a club and took him to a station house.

A BLOOD BUILDER

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured This West Virginia Man.

He Was Anemic and His Stomach Was in Bad Condition and Ordinary Remedies Did Him No Good.

When the body is weak and the blood thin it is sometimes difficult to find the cause unless a waiting illness has preceded the decline in health.

Obscure influences, something unhealthful in one's surroundings or work, may lead to a slow impoverishment of the blood and an enfeeblement of the whole body. When a serious stage has been reached there seems to be nothing that will account for it. In such cases a complete change of climate or of work will sometimes effect a cure. It takes a long time, however, and for the great majority of sufferers is out of the question.

Mr. G. E. Legg, of Tipton, W. Va., has found a method of treating weakness and bloodlessness, that is simple, cheap, within reach of everybody, and within the limits of his experience successful every time. He says:

"I have tested Dr. Williams' Pink Pills several times personally and they have never yet failed to build up the system and renew the blood."

"I used them on one occasion for weakness caused by a lingering malarial fever that began in the spring of 1896. The worst effects of this were indigestion and a bad state of my blood. I was anemic, as the doctors say. People generally would say that I didn't have blood enough, or that I didn't have the right kind of blood; mine was too thin. My kidneys and liver were out of order. I was badly annoyed by sour risings from my stomach. There was a good deal of pain, too, in my back and under my right shoulder blade."

"I was sick for over two years and for months of that time I was under the care of a physician, but his medicine did me no good. Meanwhile I learned of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I owe my cure to their use and cheerfully recommend them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have real merit and I know of nothing that would take their place."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, or a good deal of pain, too, in my back and under my right shoulder blade."

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THE MUTE GAMBLER

By JANE PINCKNEY BENNETT

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The game was at its height at Monte Carlo. The main table was lined with people tossing coins upon the green cloth that covered it. Clusters of lights illumined the scene. There were men and women, too, of various ages, from the stripling to the septuagenarian. One old woman with white hair sat with a paper in her hand covered with memoranda consisting principally of figures. It was a scheme that she had worked out or some one had given her for sure winning. She scarcely ever bet more than a franc at one time and usually lost. There were men in evening dress and men whose coats were frayed at the elbow, while here and there a girl scarcely out of her teens was betting with hot cheeks and glistening eyes.

A lady—she might have been any age between twenty-five and thirty-five—in an evening costume of exquisite fabric and construction, entered the room and, handing her wraps to an attendant, went to the main table, where roulette was being played. Seating herself, she began to play with silver five franc pieces. No sound broke in upon the falling of the coins on the table, the monotonous announcements of the man who conducted the game and the rattling of the ball. One having no interest in it would wonder how so many people could be so silently intent upon so unvaried a proceeding.

Presently the recent arrival began to toss gold napoleons on the cloth instead of five franc pieces. Indeed, her betting increased till she became the one person at the table who engaged the crowd of lookers-on. Some of those who were standing behind her moved around to the other side, where they faced her. She wore a hat with a very wide brim and adorned with large black feathers, one of which fell over the front and with the brim completely shaded her brow. In addition to this, a veil extending to the chin rendered it impossible to distinguish her features.

She played with varying fortune. At first she won. Then she lost more than she had gained. Next she began to win slowly, and at a certain point, having gained a thousand francs, she left the amount she had bet and her winnings on the number she had covered. There was quite a pile of gold there, and when the ball was spun and settled into its place the croupier covered the stake with another pile five times as large. A spasm was seen to pass over the lady, and she quickly placed her hand on the lace about her throat, as if to pull it away that she might breathe easier. Her fingers remained at her neckwear, and she bent over the table till her chest leaned against it, about to gather in her winnings, as every one supposed. But she must have changed her mind, for she remained in the same position, her eyes, though they could not be seen, apparently fixed upon the gold.

The conductor, taking it for granted that she had determined to risk the whole amount on the same number as before, made the usual announcements, the ball was spun and, after rolling and jumping and hesitating and backing and filling, at last settled into its pocket. Amid exclamations the conductor announced the number that had won, and the lady's heap of gold was added to by another five times its size. She gave no evidence of the excitement natural to such winning. She did not start; she did not make an involuntary change of position.

"What wonderful self control!" exclaimed one of those looking at her. "She must be an old hand at it!" remarked another.

"Great heavens!" cried several at once. "She's going to risk it all again!" The gamekeeper, who meanwhile had been waiting for the lady to remove her winnings, seeing no intention on her part to do so, reluctantly made the call for bets, the machine was whirled, and amid ill repressed exclamations the ball gave the lady another pile five times as great as that before her on the table.

Twice again the pile was increased by the same arithmetical progression, and the bank was broken.

At that moment a man entered the room, advanced quickly to the table and touched the lady on the shoulder. She did not look to see who was calling her attention. She sat apparently with her eyes glued to the immense golden pile before her.

"Clariss!" he said in a trembling voice. There was no reply.

The crowd about the table now began to grow anxious. There was something in the mute figure that inspired them with a kind of awe. The game had ceased, and the eyes of every one present were fixed on the gambler or the man standing looking down upon her, vainly endeavoring to arrest her attention.

"Take off her hat," "Lift her veil."

"There's something wrong with her!" "Some one look out for her pile!"

These words that were spoken in loud tones and others that made a confused murmur did not seem to be heard by the man standing over the lady. He stood for a few moments as if not daring to know the truth.

Then, gathering his resolution, he tore off her hat. The woman swayed, and her head sank upon the table. He raised it and looked eagerly into her face.

"My God, she's dead!"

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar, if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory, or money refunded.

Red Cross Pharmacy, E. A. Brown, C. H. Kendrick & Co., D. F. Davis, George L. Edison, J. D. McArthur, W. H. Miles & Co., McAllister Bros., D. C. Howard, J. A. Cumming, J. W. Parmenter.

Clean water and Lenox Soap—

That is the combination that suits the majority of women.

One is as important as the other. You cannot expect to have clean clothes if you do not use clean water. Nor will you get rid of the dirt, without injuring the clothes, if you do not use good soap.

Lenox Soap is good soap.



Lenox Soap—

"Just fits the hand"

DIDN'T WASTE WORDS.

The Stoical Mountaineer Simply Answered the Question.

"For stoical indifference and taciturnity," said a young man from Knoxville, Tenn., who was visiting in Louisville a few days ago, "I never saw any one that could equal the Kentucky mountaineer."

"Two years ago I was camping during the summer with a party of young men and women in the mountains. During our stay there we became acquainted with an old mountaineer whom we called Sam. He always referred to his wife as Maria, and we fell into the same habit."

"Last year we returned to the same place to camp. As we were going up the mountain path on our first day out we met Sam walking along apparently in a deep study."

"Hello, Sam!" we all called. "Where's Maria?"

"She's comin' back there," he said, directing his thumb backward over his shoulder.

"We went on up the mountain path and a short distance further came upon a party of mountaineers transporting a dead body in a rickety wagon. It was a funeral party. Imagine our surprise when we were informed that the deceased was Maria. Sam had not thought it worth his pains to inform us that Maria was dead when he stated she was 'comin' back there.'—Louisville Times.

THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

Advice the Jeweler Gave the Young Man Who Was Investing.

"Some of these jewelers are an accommodating lot," remarked the young man in the light suit. "I went in the other day to buy a diamond ring."

"For a lady?" the clerk asked me. I told him it was.

"An engagement ring?" he asked me further.

"Yes," I told him, getting a little bit peeved, "but I don't see what business it is of yours what I intend to do with the ring after I've paid for it out of my own private funds."

"Don't be offended," says the clerk in a conciliatory tone. "I was just going to suggest that if it was simply a present, with no engagement going with it, you go in for size rather than for quality, and when the girl comes in to inquire about its value we'll be \$50 or \$75 worth for you. But if it's an engagement ring I would advise you to get the best quality you can find, even if it does mean a smaller stone. Just as a matter of sentiment you'll want to know that it is right, and then if you ever get in hard luck you can pawn the good ring for two-thirds of its value."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A RUSSIAN SPY.

Trepoff's Ruse to Get at the Plans of the Nihilists.

When the famous General Trepoff was only at the beginning of his career Vera Sassulitch was his invaluable assistant.

Trepoff was the detested enemy of the nihilists, and he was very anxious to obtain inside information as to their doings and plans. Suddenly one day in 1878 he was fired at while driving through the streets of St. Petersburg by no other than Vera Sassulitch. She was at once seized by the soldiery and was charged with the attempted murder of Trepoff, being tried in the ordinary manner; but, to the amazement of the public, she was acquitted!

On her release the nihilists gathered about her, desiring to admit such a friend of the people to their closest acquaintance.

For an autumn and winter feed for poultry cabbage is well liked. This is hung up so the fowls can just reach it. Large sugar beets are also good. These are chopped up fine or cut open or sometimes crushed. Common field turnips are also good.

If it is desired to fatten turkeys for market begin to increase the ration gradually. Never attempt to fatten birds which in successive weightings show a loss of weight. Overfeeding does not cause blackhead, but it does frequently cause the sudden death of birds in which blackhead is present.

Clover makes a splendid winter pasture for all kinds of fowls. Plant crimson clover in the orchard and let the fowls have access to it. It will build up the orchard soil and furnish nutritious feed for the fowls.

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quaintance. In this way she was admitted to all their private circles and was made acquainted with their secrets. These she at once communicated to the Russian government. The truth was that the whole business, including the attempt on his life, was faked by Trepoff himself, and it was simply a clever ruse to get from the nihilists what could not be got in any other way. Thereafter Vera Sassulitch played the part of government spy on innumerable occasions.

ANSWERED BACK.

Ready Reply of a Ragged Turk to a Scot in Kilts.

During the troubles at Crete in 1897 the Seaforth highlanders were landed to help to restore order. Their advent, dressed in the familiar kilts, created a great sensation, as the natives, who themselves wear a kind of kilt, had never seen British soldiers in such a costume.

An amusing incident occurred one day when a party of Seaforths were marching through a small, wretched looking village. As usual, the inhabitants turned out to stare at the soldiers, and one of the highlanders with a view to raising a laugh among his comrades shouted out to a group of Turks, "Gae hame, ye dirty blackguards, an' scrub yerse!"

Imagine his astonishment as well as that of the remainder of the highlanders when a ragged and evil looking Turk shouted back in reply, "Go home yourself, Scottish dog, and cover yourself up!" It was afterward discovered that this Mohammedan had spent several years in London and so learned the language.—"Anecdotes of Soldiers in Peace and War," by J. H. Settle.

How Stupid!

Mrs. Jones (reading)—It says here that a nautical mile is 6,080 feet and a statute mile is only 5,280 feet. Why is that? I thought a mile was a mile.

Mr. Jones (without looking up from his paper)—Well, a mile is a mile, but a statute mile is measured on dry land, while a nautical mile is measured on the water, and you know most things swell when in water.

Mrs. Jones (resuming her reading)—Why, of course! How stupid!—Ladies' Home Journal.

Poultry Pointers.

Sell the young cockerels that are not needed for breeding stock and save the food that they will consume.

Do not expect the hens that have been faithful layers during the summer to keep this up all winter. You may be disappointed if you do.

Fresh, pure drinking water frequently changed is indispensable to poultry health and comfort. The fowls do not enjoy stale drinking water any better than humans do.

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A Lawyer and A Simpleton

By M. QUAD

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When old John Cairnes, villager, died he left his son, Peter, twenty-five years old. The wife and mother had been dead for many years. Old John was not exactly a miser, but he was known as a money saver. From the age of ten, when he met with an accident, Peter was the simpleton of the village and a butt of ridicule, though he had been known as a bright child for the first few years. The doctors said there was something pressing on the brain and that an operation would fix things all right, but the father balked at the cost, and so Peter remained a simpleton. It was only when the old man came to die that he regretted his stinginess and neglect and said to the lawyer who drew the will:

"Everything goes to Peter. He's simple minded, but he will get along. I want you to advise him and be a sort of father. People think I've got a lot of money, but that's all nonsense. You can tell Peter, however, that there's something hidden away in the house that he'll come across some day and appreciate."

Lawyers are entirely human outside of a courtroom. That hidden treasure had the same effect on Attorney Henderson as it would have had on a plumber or blacksmith. Just where in the house was it concealed? Was it in gold or greenbacks? Was it \$10,000 or double the sum? And wasn't it a shame that it should go to a simpleton, whose wants were already supplied?

The more the lawyer argued and reasoned with himself the more reasonable it looked that he should come into possession of that treasure. He felt that he could even convince a judge and jury of the fact. Within three months he was scheming. He called at the house now and then to see Peter. The young man seldom left the premises. He made garden, chored about the place and went to bed with the hens. It was easy to make an excuse

to get him out of the house for an hour or two. Then the lawyer instituted a search. He made three of them and found nothing—not that the treasure wasn't there, but because there are scores and scores of hiding places in any house. These vain searches convinced Mr. Henderson that he should come into legal possession of the house, so that he might pull it to pieces if necessary.

In selling it there would be work provided for the simpleton. The lawyer would give him a certain sum of money and a gravel pit to boot. The money would draw interest and every load of gravel dug out would bring Peter 15 cents. Killing two birds with one stone, you see. Attorney Henderson even got the credit of being a philanthropist and humanitarian.

Of course the simpleton was clay in the hands of the potter. He went to live with a family at so much per year, and he went to work in the gravel pit. The lawyer didn't rush things in making other searches. He waited for weeks. Then at odd times he systematized his work.

'Twas a queer thing that happened after awhile. Attorney Henderson read a treasure story in a magazine. It had many points similar to his. The heirs tore an old house down piece by piece in search of a miser's loot and then found it in the old clock on the mantel. The idea took root. None of the old furniture had been removed. The searcher went at it to inspect and overhaul. It took three more searches to bring success. Under the ragged cover of an old lounge on which Peter had sat and slept for years was found a tin case of the young man's mother. It was in a cardboard box, and in the handwriting of the father were a few lines explaining the identity of the treasure and adding that it was a treasure to be valued more than money. After reading the lines the lawyer could not doubt that the find was what the old man referred to when on his dying bed.

There was no one present to listen to Attorney Henderson's "plea" when he decided that he had been sold and that he alone was responsible for the selling. It was doubtless a strong and able effort. He had paid full value for property he did not want, and the only consolation he had was in feeling that the gravel pit was more or less of a fraud. Simpleton Pete had plugged away at getting out gravel, but had met with loam and sand instead. He

was about to abandon his labors when the irony of fate showed its hand. The whole village was jumped out of its boots one afternoon when he rushed along the main street swinging his hat and shouting. As he rushed back again he was followed by a crowd. He led it to the gravel pit and to a small stout box he had unearthed. When the box was broken open it was found to contain \$25,000 in English sovereigns, buried during the Revolutionary war.

The crowd first cursed Peter for his luck. Then it cheered him and bore him in triumph—all but one of the crowd. Attorney Henderson had the tintype of a homely old woman, dead for years, and the simpleton had a box of gold from a played out gravel pit!